

Cinderella by adkinsmayo

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Alternate Universe - Soulmates, Angst, Angst with a Happy Ending, F/M, Fluff, Jim Hopper x you, Reader-Insert, jim hopper x reader - Freeform

Language: English

Characters: Jim "Chief" Hopper, Original Female Character(s)

Relationships: Jim "Chief" Hopper/Original Female Character(s)

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-07-28

Updated: 2018-07-28

Packaged: 2022-04-22 05:16:41

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 6

Words: 8,643

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

1. Faded

Names, dark and clear as day, are permanently written onto everyone's body. Most everyone has just a single name but it is not uncommon to have more than one for there are different kinds of love that can be great enough to warrant a name. But life isn't that simple and neither are the tattoos. The names dictate a great love but that doesn't mean it's a relationship that will last forever. For example, Jim has two names. 'Diane', though the text is faded, it was his first 'great love' and one he'll never forget despite it having ended years ago. And one of a name he's heard a million times, before but has never found the girl that it matches up with. There's many exceptions to the names. The only rule is that its never someone who is blood related and it's not typical for a name to show up from platonic love. But there's no designated placement, no limit to the number of names, and there is no denying of the names. When you know, you know and if your names are on each other, then you're in luck! If not, however, it's just not meant to be. It's set in stone. Or in this case, tattooed on skin. But that doesn't mean flings don't happen. Jim and Ella start out as a fling and keep their names a secret for as long as possible, but as per the rules: when you know, you know. But is Jim really her 'James'? And what if 'Ella' isn't anywhere on his body?

But when you know, you know,
right?

Chapter 1: Faded

Dealing with drunken idiots was a typical thirsty Thursday night for Jim and Ella and this Thursday night was no different.

"Alright buddy, come on. I'm off duty but that doesn't mean I can't take your ass in, so let's just take a breath an put the bottle down before you hurt yourself, yeah?"

Were the famous last words of James Hopper before the broken edge

of a beer bottle sliced into his left forearm starting from the crease of his elbow all the way over his hand.

“God dammit! Now you’ve done it you motherfucker- shit! That hurt like a bitch! Well bartender, would you kindly call me an ambulance and someone to arrest this drunk fucker before he does somethin’ else stupid. Jesus H. Christ.”

“Gaby, please, I’m literally on my way out- you really can’t stitch him up yourself?”

“Please Ella, I might never get out of the pit doing scut if I don’t take up this offer to shadow for this appy. I am begging you, please, just this once! I’ll never ask for anything ever again!”

You raised your brow at her as you walked towards the emergency room with Gaby tailing you, desperately asking for this favor with her big doe eyes pleading.

“That’s what you said last time, Gaby.”

“Well, I mean it this time!”

You pause in your trek and let out a big sigh before turning towards the supply cart parked next to you while rolling your coat sleeves just above your wrists to pop on some gloves.

“Oh thank you, thank you, thank you, Ella! I promise, I’ll make it up to you, I swear it!”

She puts her hands on your shoulder and jumps up to kiss your cheek before sprinting off to the operating room where her oh-so important appendectomy is being performed. Normally, performing any kind of procedure in civilian clothes would be incredibly frowned upon but you couldn’t be bothered to take off your coat seeing as you’d already clocked out and didn’t want to waste anytime leaving once you were done with what-his-name’s sutures.

“Oh, I’m going to kill Gaby.”

You said just under your breath as soon as you laid eyes on your patient. Or really his “small” cut on his forearm. This “small” cut was at least 8 inches and boy was it deep. Luckily Gaby said it was from a glass beer bottle so it was a clean cut, “easy peasy.” You grabbed a suture kit, anesthetic, and some disinfectant from the supply cart and head over to your “easy peasy” patient.

“Hiya there, I’m nurse Asher and I’ll be taking care of you, tonight and as you can see I’m just as ready as you are to get out of here so I promise you this’ll be quick.”

You didn’t even bother to pick up his chart and just got straight to work. The man was taken a bit off guard but he simply let out some breathy chuckles as he laid his arm down for you to go ahead and prepare him for the anesthetic.

“Well hopefully not too quick, I need all the help I can get and scars aren’t too pretty, sweetheart.”

You finally take a good look at him and hot damn. You were still planning on killing Gaby but now you’d make it quick and painless for giving you this lovely sight to look at. You gave him a warm smile as you prepped the shot.

“They may not be pretty but I think I can speak for myself and most that they are pretty damn attractive, my friend. But I promise, this shouldn’t scar too bad, they don’t call me the ‘ladder stitch bitch’ for nothing!”

He threw his head back and laughed.

“I’m sorry, the what?”

“The ‘ladder stitch bitch’! Now this part is the part that sucks, so hold still and let me tell you all about it.”

You positioned your hands on his forearm and gave him a second before you started the injections. You could see him grit his teeth and try not to show how bad it hurt. Typical of gruff and tough looking guys like him.

“Hey, didn’t your momma ever teach you that it’s rude to not look at

someone when they're talkin' to you!"

He looked away from his arm and kept his eyes plastered on your face. You wish you could look him in the eyes but obviously you had to watch what you were doing.

"Well you see, a ladder stitch is a pretty sewing stitch that is real satisfying to watch someone do and binds the fabric while being practically invisible. Now, obviously it's not a stitch you do on people and my sutures aren't invisible but once you're all healed up, my sutures are so good it's like they might of well of been! It's like it never even happened! Well at least for the most part, sometimes there's no avoiding a scar but I've sewed up more people than I can count so trust me, you're in good hands. And bitch just rhymes with stitch; whether you think I'm actually a bitch is up to you, pal."

"Well so far so good and I'm sure your sutures are just as pretty as you are, darlin'."

You give him a laugh at his cheesy line.

"Well, aren't you just the sweetest and would you look at that, the worst part's over! Unless you do actually think I'm a bitch and you were just bein' nice because me and you will be here for a bit."

"I promise that I don't! In fact, I think you're far from it."

You raise an eyebrow in false cynicism.

"Well, alright, I've fooled you so far but I'm sure I'll do something eventually to make you think you differently. Though I did stab you a million times with a needle and you didn't think poorly of me, so maybe not. Guess we'll just have to see, won't we?"

You had prepared the suture kit and finally started the actual suturing.

"Is this your way of telling me you'd like to spend more time together, nurse Asher?"

You grin but keep you're head down and facing your working hands to hide your flushed cheeks as best you could.

“Now what gave you that notion?”

“Oh, just a hunch I guess, I’ve been known to have a pretty trustworthy one. It’s treated me alright so far us working together on the force.”

“The force, huh?”

“The sheriff, darlin’”

“Well, ain’t that somethin’.”

You give him a seemingly uninterested answer and it’s not that you weren’t interested you just can’t help but notice the name ‘Diane’ in a pale black font just below the crease of his elbow as you finish up the sixth or seventh stitch.

“Diane an old soulmate?”

You squint your eyes shut at your intrusive question. Faded soulmate tattoos can mean one of two things: the person passed away or it didn’t last. Either way it’s not something you would bring up with someone you just met.

“I’m so sorry, I was just-“

“No, it’s fine! She’s my ex-wife, so soulmate, no but we did love each other enough for our names to show up on each other. Speaking of, I don’t think I caught your first name.”

That’s when you first noticed the pitter-patter in your chest. The name ‘James’ is printed clear, big, and dark on your left forearm. You hadn’t got his name but could he be your ‘James’? Is that something you were ready for though? You only just met! And it just seems like the absolute worst timing imaginable. Which gave you an idea, one that will take the pressure off.

“That’s because I never gave it, and I think we should keep it that way, revel in the mystery a bit longer.”

“Then what should I call you? Ladder stitch bitch?”

You throw your head back to laugh before finishing up the last stitch

and grabbing the bottle of disinfectant again along with a roll of coban wrap.

“Asher’ll do, sheriff.”

“Please, call me chief, Asher.”

You finish wrapping up his arm and discard your gloves before reaching out a hand for him to shake.

“Nice to meet you, chief.”

“Likewise, Asher.”

“Well it’s been a pleasure, but I’ve been here for the past 10 hours and I’d appreciate it if you’d get the hell out of here so I can do the same and get some sleep and it may sound rude but I hope I never see you here again.”

You flash him a wink and he laughs as he gets up from the bed.

“I hope I never see you here again either but I would like to see you again, Asher.”

You grab his chart to sign off his discharge papers, doing so carefully in order to keep yourself from accidentally finding out his name and the two of you head towards the nurse’s station.

“I think that could be arranged.”

You reach over the counter and place his chart on the desk and grab a pen along with a post it and begin writing your number down for him to have.

“Thursdays and weekends are when I’m most busy but my shifts don’t usually go on for this late.”

You give him an accusatory look by raising your brow at him. He raises his hands up in defense.

“I’m sorry, darlin’, I’ll make sure to get sliced up at an earlier hour next time.”

He smirks at you and you could've just melted.

"You're lucky I like you, chief."

2. Scars

Chapter 2: Scars

When you know, you know. Right?

“Chief, you know you could’ve just gone into any ol’ doctor’s office to get these removed right?”

You say as you snip away at his sutures.

“Yeah, but then I wouldn’t have gotten to see you.”

You scoff and shake your head.

“Chief, I just saw you yesterday!”

“Only for a minute!”

You finish removing the stitches and begin to clean his arm for the final time.

“You are insatiable. You keep this up and people will start talkin’!”

“And that’s a bad thing? Well if you really want me to stop buggin’ you-“

“You’ll do no such thing!”

He drops his gaze from you and smiles and you can spot just a hint of pink peeking under his beard. The fact that you can make this bear of a man blush makes your own cheeks get warm. But to keep him from noticing you grab his chart and start to make your way over to the nurses station but he tails right behind you, obviously not done making you blush.

“So tonight?”

You raise your brow at this but don’t turn your head to look at him beside you to act as nonchalant as possible. Even though you inner little schoolgirl is squealing on the inside at the potential of him

finally asking you out from his two worded question.

“What about it?”

Again with the nonchalance, prompting him to stand close to you, leaning on his elbow that was resting on the counter of the nurse’s station to get right up in your face and playfully scoffing at your reply.

“Can I see you again tonight? For drinks?”

You drop his chart on the desk and turn to him with laughs of disbelief being pushed out of your lungs as you shake your head at him.

“You’re gonna get sick of me soon if you keep this up!”

“Well it’s a good thing you’re a nurse, now isn’t it?”

You can keep the near-disgusted groan falling from your mouth at his line.

“You are in-sufferable. If I say yes, will you quit all that mess?”

“Now you know I can’t promise that, darlin’, you just make it too easy!”

“You’re gonna be the death of me, chief. Can you at least promise me you won’t get sliced up again while we’re there, blood is a bit of a mood killer and I’d hate to have to wait three more weeks for you to heal up for you to ask me out again.”

“I mean with the people you attract-“

You interrupt him by poking his chest and scoffing.

“Well if you look around, chief, the only people I’m attractin’ is you!”

“That’s what I’m sayin’!”

“For the love of everything that’s good, would you quit, you’re drivin’ me to drink!”

“Well I asked you out so figured I’d be drivin’!”

“Oh my go- Goodbye, chief!”

You quickly turn on your heel and make your way down the hall in front of you.

“You haven’t given me an answer!”

He calls out to you.

“Eight o’clock, you’ll pick me up here!”

“I’ll see you then, sweetheart!”

You slow your pace; turn your head over your shoulder and point at him.

“And I better not see you before then, ya hear me? And I’m expectin’ your best behavior, chief”

“Now where’s the fun in that, darlin’.”

You watch him turn and practically skip out of the ER. You really didn’t want him to stop. You didn’t want his “best behavior”. You loved the lines, the jokes, the teasing, and most of all you loved spending time with him. Through the two or so weeks he was healing up, he had also been on a partial sick leave. Meaning he could do office work, but no fieldwork, so he was left with a lot of free time. In this free time he found himself between to places, the coffee shop across the way from the hospital and the lobby of the ER, bringing you a cup of coffee from said coffee shop. You tried to tell him that you get free coffee here and that there’s no need to thank you for treating him but he would just come up with excuses.

“Well I was just in the neighborhood and thought I’d stop by.”

“I was already pickin’ up coffee for myself and they handed me an extra.”

“It’s the least I can do, if the coffee is anything like the coffee back at the station, I know its shit.”

And so on. You gave him shit about it and just gave him shit in general but he just gave it right back, no matter how much you griped and groaned. But he never did stay too long, he knew you were busy and even though he liked to bug you he didn't want to "bug you" bug you. How he could tell you weren't actually annoyed with him or tired of him, you'll never know. Well actually, you did know. And even though he's never told you and you've avoided looking at that line on his chart, you still didn't know his name and he didn't know yours. At least you didn't know for sure.

He did in fact pick you up just after 8, just like you told him to, and not a minute earlier. Luckily, it was cold out so it was easy to keep the name on your arm covered with a plain long sleeve shirt paired with some jeans that your ass just so happened to look great in. There were so many little things he did that had you warm all over and you wondered if he did them knowingly. Like how on the way out the door of the hospital, he took your coat out of your hands and held it open for you to put on. He didn't outright hold your hand, but he grazed the top of his hand over yours about a million times on the way to his truck. And once you got into the truck, he opened the door for you, his hand leading you by the small of your back. You had to keep yourself from falling around, covering your face in your hands, and squealing once he shut the door and made his way to the driver's side door. You really couldn't stop thinking about if he was doing these things knowingly. He couldn't have, this whole time he's just been going on in conversation. Everything with him just flowed so naturally. You're usually the chatter box and it's damn near impossible to get you to stop talking especially if it's about something you're passionate about but with him, you found that pauses just fit so perfectly and you never felt like you needed to rush to fill in the blanks and you never felt like he wasn't listening or paying attention. But no matter no great it may feel, it scared the absolute shit out of you. You just met him. You've known him for 16 days give or take. You know a lot of people just run into a relationship and 'I love you's' right away once they find their soulmates but everything may seem fine and dandy with him now, but you really don't know him. You don't even really know his name. This all just started to build up and before you know it, your fight or flight has been activated.

“Is everything okay, darlin’?”

“Everything’s fine, do you wanna dance?”

You weren’t really asking and just got up from the barstool and grabbed his hand to drag him to the bar’s dance floor. You’re not really one for dancing that much but you can be convinced once you’ve had a drink, which you had.

“Are you sure everything is alright?”

He asked against the top of your head as the two of you gently swayed to whatever slow song was flowing out of the jukebox. You looked up at him and gave him a warm but short-lived smile. His eyes follow his hand as he tucks a piece of hair behind your ear before resting his hand on your cheek and staring directly in your eyes. His blue-gray eyes were full of so much shit you were not ready to deal with, turning up the crank on your flight or flight and before you can do anything about it, you’re up on your toes, your hands are on his neck, and your lips are pressed firmly onto his.

3. Let's Not Say

Chapter 3: Let's Not Say

Some things are just too big to handle and some things are better left unsaid.

It was cold enough that you could feel and hear the crunching of frozen grass under your feet but other than that you wouldn't of been able to tell how cold it really was, every inch of you was running hot. You led with your fingers linked together with his up until you reached the bottom step of the small porch leading up to the door of his trailer. You stepped up on the first step but turned around and took advantage of the leverage you had to kiss him, completely wrapping your arms around his neck. You barely tease your tongue between his teeth causing him to pull his mouth away from yours and toss you over his shoulder with ease and carrying you the rest of the way up the stairs before setting you down on the railing across from the door.

“Wait there.”

He tells you before turning around and digging in his pocket for his key to unlock the door.

“Like I have anywhere else I'd like to be.”

You move your legs to rest them on his hips and gently place your lips at the nape of his neck while gently scratching the skin just above the collar of his shirt. He lets out a quiet and strained groan and his skin prickled under your touch.

“Not even inside? Well if you'd like to continue out here then I can-“

“Just open the damn door, chief.”

“That's what I thought.”

He swung the door open and turned his body to face yours before attaching himself back onto you. His hands gripped your ass, your

legs were wrapped around his middle, your fingers tangled in his hair, and your mouths were glued together as he backed into his trailer, kicking the door shut as you made your way inside. Carefully avoiding the large coffee table, he carried you all the way over to his couch before turning around and falling down onto it. With your legs straddled over his lap you can feel him growing harder underneath you but once he started to pull the bottom of your shirt up over your stomach, your god damn flight or fight kicked in and gripped his arm tight to stop him.

“Wait, I just- I-“

His eyes widen and he shuffles around to try and pull away from you.

“Oh, I’m so sorry- I should’ve asked- I didn’t.”

“No! Chief, it’s-“

You give him a warm smile before taking his face in your hands and giving him a soft kiss. You rest your forehead on his and rub your thumbs over the scruff on his cheeks to try and calm his nerves. Or at least calm his nerves about him thinking that you didn’t want this. But there was certainly something that was holding you back.

“It’s not that. I want this. I want you, I just- God, I don’t know how to say this, I just think-“

He pulls back to look at you better and returns a warm, reassuring smile like the one you had given him just a moment ago.

“You wanna talk about it.”

He taps the top of your right forearm. You nod but avert your gaze from his and mess with the buttons on his shirt.

“I’m pretty sure I know what your name is, chief.”

He lets out a small, quiet laugh.

“I’m pretty sure I know yours too, darlin’.”

“But that’s the thing. I’m pretty sure but I don’t know for sure. And I’m not sure that I want to. At least not yet.”

“Can I ask why?”

You look up at him in panic, thinking that you hurt him with this. He laughs at your reaction and kisses your cheek before speaking again.

“I’m not upset! I just want to understand a little better, because I’m not sure if you can tell but I like you a whole hell of a lot, and I don’t think there’s much you can do to change that, sweetheart.”

“It’s just- I mean does ‘soulmate’ not seem a little big to you? I mean I know it’s not really ‘soulmates’ its more like a great- I- a great love situation, but- I just- I can feel you-“

You pull his hand up to rest on your chest.

“I can feel you here but I- I just met you. I don’t know you. So to think that I- I just want to get to know you more first. Before we say it. Does that make sense?”

He threads his fingers through your hair and rests the palm of his hand at the base of your skull.

“It makes perfect sense. I understand and I feel the same, in every way.”

He pulls your face back to his and presses a firm kiss to your lips.

“So we’ll-“

He cuts you off by kissing you on the lips again before peppering them down over your chin to your neck.

“-Take it slow.”

He gently bites down on the pressure point where your neck and shoulder meet, causing a moan to rumble in your chest and your nails to dig into his arms.

“Not too slow, I hope.”

He says against the base of your neck and you reply with a breathy laugh.

“Slow-ish.”

You move your hands up to the sides of his face to pull his lips back to yours again. Now that there wasn't a part of you closed off to let your fight or flight take over, you could finally take him in. His lips were slightly chapped but still soft and warm. He tasted like whiskey with a hint of tobacco both lingering on his breath and among the strands of hair that made up his beard. These strands poked and tickled across the little skin that was exposed and it made you want to give him more. That part of you that was afraid to take everything on at once was still afraid, but you were excited. You were happy and it was showing with a grin on your face and laughs falling from your lips. Well at least up until your hips grinded against his, your core dragging across his hardening length, sending shivers up your spine. Then your lips parted as your jaw went slightly slack and your laughs turned into soft moans.

“Fuck.”

He groaned into your ear. Despite the fear of going too fast, you couldn't wait any longer. You scooted back on his lap and quickly undo his belt along with the button and zipper of his jeans. The further you advanced, the quicker the paces of your breaths for both you and him. You carefully stand up and decide it would make it easier for the both of you if you just stripped of your bottoms entirely. You took your time with this, easing the fabric down your legs inch by inch, keeping your eyes glued on his. Once your jeans were off and kicked aside, you eased your hands back up to the waistband of your panties but are stopped by his hands gripping your hips as if he were asking your permission to take them off for you. You bit your bottom lip and nodded slightly. He hooks his thumbs under the waistband and scoots forward in order to kiss and drag his plump lips over every inch of skin he could reach as he uncovered it. Your breaths were too heavy to just come out of your nose but once you opened your mouth a lewd moan is pushed out from you.

“Shit, I know you're not ready and I completely understand but Jesus, what I would give to hear you say my name like that.”

He presses a long, wet kiss just under your belly button before you gently push him back to face you.

“All in good time, chief.”

He pulls away from you slightly in order to shove his pants and underwear down to around his knees before pulling you back down to straddle his lap, your core just hovering over his length, the both of you moan and shiver in anticipation. He runs his fingers down your slit, dragging your wetness throughout your folds before sliding two fingers into you, causing your hips to buck against them. He curled, pumped, and scissored them not to make you cum but to just get you ready for him.

“Shit- do you have a condom?”

He slips his fingers out of you and you let out a small whine at the absence.

“Yeah, yeah, yeah- in my pocket, just give me one- one second.”

It took him almost less than a second to grab the small packet from his pocket, tear it open and slide the condom down his length. After that, ‘slow’ was a foreign concept to the two of you. You dropped your hips down and ran your folds down his length to cover him in your slick before guiding his tip into your entrance. Both of your mouths slowly opened as you sunk down onto him and let out small whimpers once you were fully seated. After giving yourself a moment to adjust, you gently rolled your hips but again, ‘slow’ was a foreign concept. You picked up to a fast pace, gripping his shoulders tight as you snapped your hips into his. You leaned forward and wrapped your hands around his head as you started to bounce on top of him.

“Shitshitshitshit...I’m close already.”

He warned you as he took your ass in his hands, spreading your cheeks and forcing you down even harder with each thrust.

“Fuck- me too.”

“Then cum with me- please- please- I have to feel you.”

You nodded and moved your hand between the two of you, rubbing firm circles and lines on your clit to bring you closer to the edge. He must’ve been able to feel your walls start to flutter around him

because his motions started to get sloppy.

“Fuck- cum with me! I’m coming, I’m-“

He cried out as he started to cum but his upward thrusts didn’t falter. In fact, they only got rougher, the sound of your skin slapping together almost becoming as loud as your own cries as you reached your own climax. Once you both had reached its peak, you simply wrapped your arms around his head as he rest it on your shoulder, lazily rolling your hips to drag out what was left of your orgasm.

“Ho-o-ly shit.”

He groaned out as his body shivered. You let out a breathy chuckle before leaning back to kiss him again.

“Okay, I’ll be honest,”

You pulled just far away enough from him to see his face before raising a brow at him in question.

“The fact that we just fucked but didn’t know each others names is kinda hot.”

You laugh and shake your head at him.

“You really are insufferable.”

You lean back in to kiss him firmly.

“You’re lucky I like you, chief.”

4. Expression

Chapter 4: Expression

“The bigger they are-“

Two months or so had passed since that night. You both had kept similar encounters like that at a minimum in order to keep yourselves from getting carried away. You mostly just spent as much time together as possible, swapping stories and playing 20 questions, and anything else so you could get to know each other better. Your favorite way to get to know each other better was during the quiet days you'd share. Your feet would be propped up and his head would be in your lap as the two of you read your preferred literature. You two say nothing, but there's a million things said with every light graze of fingers, the content hums and sighs, the gentle scratches on the scalp, and the brief kisses on wherever your lips could reach. A million things were being said but it all was saying basically the same thing. And you were finally ready to say it out loud. You were ready to roll up your sleeves.

Hopper made it a part of his weekly routine to come by the ER every early Tuesday morning to say hello and bring you a cup of coffee just the way you liked it. If the two of you were lucky, you could sit down and share a cup together but today you had no such luck.

“Running a little late, chief?”

He rushes around the counter over to the swivel chair you were sitting in, sets your coffee down on the desk in front of you, and kisses the top of your head.

“I know, I know, I'm sorry- had a bit of a misunderstanding at the coffee shop this morning, had to make sure they got it right and for some reason they couldn't the first three times, I think they might be training someone new.”

He complained to you as he leaned against the counter, rubbing his eyes with one hand. You pick up your coffee and take a sip, scrunching your nose at the taste.

“Don’t think they got it right this time either, chief.”

He stands up straight and takes the cup from you before trying it himself.

“For Christ sakes, how hard is it to make a medium roast with whole milk and three sugars? I’m sorry, if you give me a minute I can-“

“Baby, baby, it’s okay! Cut em’ some slack, this time around.”

“Okay, but really I can-“

“You’re too good to me, I do not need you to go and yell at some kids to remake my coffee. I’m more interested in seeing you, dummy.”

You stand up and press a kiss to his cheek.

“And there was something I wanted to talk to you about.”

“Oh? Is everything okay?”

“Oh, yeah, everything is great! Better than great, really. I just- I think I’m ready.”

“Ready for what?”

“You know what, chief.”

You start to push your sleeve up but he stops you abruptly.

“Well wait, hold on now, you want to do the big reveal right here, right now? Who says that I’m ready, hm?”

He lightly teases at you.

“Well if you’d rather wait-“

You move to stand between his legs and lean forward enough to whisper in his ear.

“I can just keep moaning out chief. But I’d really like to hear you moaning out my name.”

He grips your shoulders and pulls you away with a nervous laugh.

“I do want to wait, but not for much longer. Just until tonight. This is important to you and so it’s important to me. I want to make it at least a little bit special, yeah?”

You pinch his cheek.

“Oh, you big softie.”

“Yeah, yeah, I’m not suggestin’ anything lavish now- just a bottle of wine to share at the trailer, that’s all. And there’s other things I really need to share with you too. Really important things.”

You quirk your brows in question but just simply nod, not wanting him to think you were looking for whatever he wanted to confess to be revealed right this second. He gave you time to wait so you’d give him the same courtesy.

“That sounds like just the right amount of lavish to me, chief. I’ll see you at 8?”

“I’ll see you then.”

He kisses your cheek before pulling you in for a tight hug and then making his way out and back to the station.

You didn’t even need any coffee after that point; you were too wound up with nerves to be any sort of drowsy. You kind of wish he would’ve just let you get it over with right there in the lobby because you were now drowning in anxiety. You were ready to know for sure and ready to really start your ‘great love’ with him. You loved him. In so little time, you had fallen deep so it had to be true; you two were soulmates.

He was your ‘James’.

You pulled up to his trailer just after 8, still clad in your scrubs seeing as your shift hadn’t ended to long ago. You knew he wouldn’t have been upset if you showed up a little late to go home to change first

but your body just ended up taking you to him first. Something didn't feel quite right and seeing his cute, scraggly face and being wrapped up in his arms was something you knew could put you at ease. You gave a courtesy knock before heading inside and being met with the heavenly smell of garlic being tossed in a hot pan. You toss your things down and make your way into the kitchen where he was slaving away at the stove. You came up behind him and wrapped your arms around his middle.

"You know that no amount of garlic breath is gonna keep me from kissin' you if that was your idea, chief."

"Dammit, you saw right through my plan. I'm just so damn tired of your kisses, darlin', I had to do somethin'."

You snaked around to attach to his side and hit him on the chest.

"Can't fool me, chief. Not now, not ever. I'll be sure to dial back on the kissin' from here on ou--"

He cuts you off with a rough kiss.

"You'll do no such thing."

He says quietly against your lips. You give him a warm grin before giving him a quick peck and then hopping up on the counter next to him.

"I thought we weren't doin' lavish tonight?"

"What do you- oh, this? It's not lavish! Just pasta, garlic, chicken and some can of cream sauce- you really think I'd put in that much effort for lil' ol' you?"

He gives you a wink and you roll your eyes at him.

"Well I wasn't promised lavish but I do believe I was promised wine?"

"That you were! It's on the table. Glasses are in that cabinet there."

You two finished up eating and poured a final cup of wine before cuddling up next to each other on the couch, taking a moment to just enjoy each other's presence.

"Are you ready?"

You took a deep breath and nodded against his chest.

"I'm ready."

You shifted slightly away and turned to face him before taking in another deep breath, but it did nothing to calm you down. You had no clue what was making you so nervous. It's not like you weren't ready and it's not like you weren't sure, so why did you feel like your heart was about to burst out of your chest?

"On three."

You looked up into his eyes as the two of you adjusted with your arms out and your other hand at the ready to pull down your sleeve enough to reveal the names.

"One."

"Two."

"Three."

For just a moment your anxiety completely subsided and you didn't hesitate to pull your sleeve away.

"James! Yes, yes, I'm James! Well, Jim but James, I'm your James! I-Baby what's wrong? Why are you-"

"That's-"

You can't keep the dam from breaking and the flood of tears falling from your eyes.

"That's not my name."

5. False Positive

Chapter 5: False Positive

“The harder they fall.”

“W-what do you mean ‘that’s not your name’? It has to be!”

His voice breaks and it only makes it harder for you to breathe. He reaches out to you but you force yourself from the couch, you can’t bear anything at all right now.

“Well I’m sorry but it’s not!”

“But I- I love you, how is it- I don’t understand!”

You shut your eyes and shake your head, desperate for this to be just some awful nightmare.

“Stop. Don’t-Don’t say that.”

He scoffs and gets up from the couch to stand directly in front of you, your bodies practically pressed against each other.

“What that I love you? Well I do, and no stupid fucking tattoo is going to say otherwise. I love you. I love you. I love you.”

He pleaded with you over and over, desperate to make you and the universe believe it was true because then maybe the universe would realize it’s mistake. That this truly was a great enough love to warrant a name and one would appear on his body.

“STOP. We can’t- I love you so much, but obviously it’s not enough.”

“Bullshit.”

He cuts you off and it just makes you more angry and frustrated.

“It’s not bullshit! My name is Ella! Not Jane! We may love each other but it doesn’t matter! We’re not going to work! It’s not enough!”

“Bullshit!”

He pulls you into him before crashing his lips onto yours. While your entire being was screaming at you to pull away, it was also too exhausted to. Everything was too overwhelming. He was all you wanted with every single part of you but it wasn't enough. Yet, there was no more of you to give. But you loved him. You've never been so torn in your entire life. You have an entire world full of evidence that the two of you were not meant to be but your heart, mind, body, and soul were telling you that he was your James. So, you held on to that. You held on as the two of you kissed and clawed and touched each other on your way to his bed. Your hands shake as the two of you strip each other completely; never taking your eyes off of one another for this truly could be the last time you will be together. You scoot your way back up the bed and Jim hovers over you. The two are entirely naked, vulnerable and bare to one another in more ways than one. So much so that you shut your eyes as he started to ease into you.

"Look at me, Ella."

You open your eyes but they're foggy with tears.

"Say my name again."

"Ella."

You hook your legs around his waist and dig your heels into his lower back to urge him into you.

"Again."

"Ella."

"James. JamesJamesJames."

You barely said it above a whisper. It was like you didn't want any part of this moment to travel outside of this bubble the two of you were in. If it did, whatever force that was determined to keep you apart would find out and rip him from you before you were ready. But when would you ever be ready?

His pace becomes brutal and fast, your names and 'I love you's between every moan and whimper. Your climax hits you

unexpectedly, making you practically scream out but Jim's own cry overwhelmed yours as he reaches his own climax. You don't even notice or even care to acknowledge the events that lead up to the two of you laying on your sides, pressed up against each other, your legs intertwined and your eyes locked onto his.

"It's not fair. God, it's not fucking fair."

Jim wipes the tears falling down your cheek with his thumb and lets his hand rest there.

"I know. Maybe- maybe we can make it work, maybe-"

"I can't, James. It- it'll hurt too much."

He drops his gaze from yours and subtly nods before looking at you again.

"I love you."

You give him a small smile and press your lips against his, trying hard to ignore the taste of salt from your shared tears, otherwise you just might break more than you are already.

"I love you."

6. Slip

Chapter 6: Slip

“Work book, glass slipper, same difference.”

The two of you sat in silence for the most part, just taking everything in. It was hours before Jim spoke up about the thing he wanted to talk to you about. You wanted to tell him that it didn't matter but he was determined to have you in his life. He told you about Joyce and the party, but more importantly he told you about Eleven. He said he couldn't tell you everything but there would come a day when he could and that he would make sure to stick around to tell you and would hope you would do the same.

But you weren't sure that you could.

Even being in the same room as him was unbearable.

The fact that he had every piece of you and you had every piece of him and yet one moment later you have to give each other back. And not only that but you have to give each other to someone else. So you told him what he wanted to hear and avoided him. What you didn't know what you were avoiding him during a time when he would need you the most. It took everything in him not to call you after the night at the lab. But he knew it wouldn't have been right. It would have only hurt you both more. So you just left it be, the two of you in another state of you waiting for the right 'James' and him waiting for 'Jane'. But it still was a shock to both of you that there was anyone you could love more than the two of you loved one another but it's abruptly brought to your attention that the universe has a funny way of working sometimes. Or maybe the universe is just an asshole.

For example, Hopper was sitting in a diner across from Dr. Owens looking at the name “Jane Hopper” printed on a forged birth certificate, which he thought was just a bit peculiar.

“Jane?”

“Oh she didn't tell you? Jane was the name her mother gave her

before Brenner took her.”

“Jane? Her- her name is Jane?”

“Yeah, why are-“

He shakily shoved himself out of the booth with a giant grin plastered on his face.

“I-I-I gotta go, holy shit, I- I have to-“

“Whoa there, slow down chief-“

“No, I have to go- Thank you, Doc, for everything- you have no idea what-“

“You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me, Gaby.”

You flip the chart that Gaby had just handed you closed after reading the name of the patient you had just accepted to take off of her hands. You turn to glare at her but she’s already made her way down the hallway behind you.

“I’m sorry I love you I owe you the world and everything more.”

She rushes her apology out to you almost as fast as she runs away from you. This time treating James Hopper for her was much more than just a minor inconvenience. But it was too late to back out now, so you figured it was better for you to just rip the bandaid off and face him now. Just get it over with and then you’ll never have to see him again. So you made your way over, pushing up your sleeves and popping on some gloves, doing anything to make sure that this goes as quickly as possible.

“Hi, I’m nurse Asher and I’ll be-“

“ELLA!-“

He shifts towards you and grabs hold of your wrist. You were already on the verge of tears since you saw his name on the chart but once he touched you, you could already feel what little strength you had fading away. You started to pull your hand away but he simply

gripped it tighter. You tried to keep your eyes from looking at his but he simply moved his head to force you to look at him.

“Ella please, I need to tell you something-“

“Jim- please.”

“It’s really important, just listen to me- please it’ll only-“

“James, I’m begging you-“

He lets go of your wrist and you grab some scissors to start cutting off his jeans in order to get a better look at his burns from the coffee the spilled all over his leg.

“Don’t make this any harder for me than it already is.”

“That’s just it! It’s Jane! Eleven is Jane! I mean Jane is her real name! I love her, she’s my daughter for Christ’s sake but we’re not blood related! So that’s why I have her name!”

You finished cutting a slit down his pant leg and took a second to take in what he had just told you. A smile starts to grow on your lips at what this could mean but as soon as you finally look at him you come to a realization.

“It doesn’t matter.”

Your half smile falls and the feeling of wanting to cry comes rushing back again. He sits up and scoffs while you make your way to take off his shoe and see if there are any burns on his foot.

“Wha-What do you mean it doesn’t matter?”

You take off his boot and throw it down on the floor before looking back at him, your tears flowing freely at this point.

“I mean, it doesn’t matter that Eleven is Jane.-“

You plop down on a stool low to the ground and being cutting off his sock, your motions showing just how frustrated you were at this entire situation.

“Because last I checked, my name still isn’t on you. So it doesn’t fucking matter, Jim- Now if you would just-“

You had completely removed his sock and what you saw on the skin of the bottom of his foot had you speechless, and it wasn’t a burn.

It was the name ‘Ella’.

You started hysterically laughing as you got up and latched onto Jim in a tight hug.

“W-what?”

He asked you with a nervous chuckle. You pulled away just slightly to kiss him before resting your forehead on his.

“I stand corrected.”

He turns his head away from you and he tips his foot to the side for him to see what you had just seen and joins you in your hysterical laughter before kissing you again.

“Holy shit. You’re really my Ella?”

You nodded before resting your forehead on his again.

“And you’re really my James.”

He puts your head in his hands and pulls you back to look at him directly.

“I love you. God, I love you so much.”

You both laugh through your unashamed tears that were flowing freely down both of your cheeks now.

“I love you, too.”

Epilogue: Happily Ever After

“Something wrong, Mrs. Grinch?”

You looked over at Hopper as he made his way over to you, setting your mugs of hot chocolate on the coffee table in front of you before sitting down next to you on the couch, pulling your feet into his lap and peeling off your socks so he can give you a much needed foot massage. Not only had you been running around pretty much the entire month to make this Christmas special for Jane, you had something on your mind that had been bugging you ever since you moved in.

“It’s nothing.”

“Mmmhmm.”

He hummed at you sarcastically.

“I mean it’s just- I feel bad.”

“About?”

“I mean Jane knows I love her with my whole heart but I- What if she thinks I don’t love her enough?”

“Why would you think she would feel that way?”

“I don’t have her name on me like you do. She knows I’m not her real mother but I love her like she were my own daughter but what if she thinks I don’t love her enough because her name isn’t on me anywhere?”

He shakes his head and laughs quietly at you.

“You sure about that?”

He grabs your ankle and shoves the bottom of your foot in your face as much as possible and there it was. Of course, ‘Jane’ was tattooed at the bottom of your foot.

“Oh my god.”

You plop down flat on the couch in another hysterical fit and Hopper moves to hover over you.

“The universe is funny that way, darlin’.”

“The universe is an asshole.”

“That too.”

He leans down to peck a quick kiss on your lips.

“I love you, Ella.”

“And I love you, James.”